

WANT DEPARTMENT

WANT, FOUND, FOR RENT, Lost Notice, etc., will be published in this column at the rate of two cents per line per insertion. **INVARIBLY CASH IN ADVANCE.** Count 'x' words to the line. Nothing accepted for less than 25 cents.

FOR RENT—A new 8 room house with all modern conveniences, on W. Main street. Enquire at 707 W. Pike street. mar18tf

FOR RENT—Two-story, seven room dwelling house, South Second street. Inquire of Roy Alexander. apr25tf

WANTED—Girl to assist in house work. No washing or ironing. Apply at 328 Lee st. jy13tf

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, light, airy and modern, \$6.00 to \$8.00 per month. Table board reasonable. Special rates to families. The Savoy, Lee street. a26tf

FOR RENT OR SALE—Eight-room house in Broad Oaks. Apply to G. W. Deison, 169 West Main street. may3tf

FOR RENT—Two rooms for light housekeeping. Apply 216 Monticello avenue. june2tf

FOR RENT—One well furnished room with bath. Apply 516 West Main street. june2tf

FOR RENT—Modern house keeping apartment in Jones' apartment house, also six room house with all conveniences at 230 S. Chestnut street. Haze Morgan attorney, Irwin building. june3tf

FOR RENT—Two business rooms with basement, well lighted. For information call at 645 West Pike street. jun16dtf

FOR RENT—Second story or large house in Glen Elk for light housekeeping. Apply to Dr. J. B. Payne, Irwin building. jun17tf

FOR RENT—Stable with stalls, water and large wagon room, in east end. Inquire at Walthour Candy Company. june23tf

FOR RENT—Six room house, in center of city, modern improvements. Rent reasonable. A. M. T. Cunningham, 333 Mechanic street. july5tf

FOR SALE—A Smith Premier Type writer, in use but a few weeks. Price including cover, \$85.00. New Oliver with metal cover, \$75.00. Address P. O. Box 205, Clarksburg, W. Va. mar20tf

FOR SALE—One contract with the Standard Guaranty & Trust Co. Enquire Telegram office. 20mar1tf

WANTED—At once, a capable woman for general housework. Wages \$4 a week. Inquire at this office. july3tf

FOR SALE—Large boarding house in the heart of the city, doing a nice business. Would make an elegant private home. Modern throughout. A bargain. For information address L-33, Telegram office. Apr5tf

FOR SALE—Small can stains and varnishes for household use. To close out will sell reasonably. See Dodge at new stand on Main street. may11tf

FOR SALE—A good No. 1 Smith-Premier typewriter at half price. Inquire of C. A. Snyder, Adamston. may17tf

FOR SALE—One good hand made three-quarter top buggy, in first class condition; will sell cheap. Apply at Standard Milling company. june14dtf

WANTED—Girls to work in stogie factory. Apply to the Clarksburg Stogie Company, 134 West Pike street. mar20tf

WANTED—Two first-class waiters at Traders hotel. 29jun1tf

WANTED—A girl for general housework. No washing. Good wages. Apply at No. 410 Lee street. july1tf

WANTED—First class, experienced girl for general housework in family of two. Good wages for extra good girl. Inquire or address "Quality," care Telegram office. j61tf

WANTED—Lady canvassers for a good selling article. Apply 202 Main street, between 7 and 8 o'clock. july6tf

FOR RENT—Six room cottage in Broad Oaks. Address or inquire Dr. E. A. Teets, Lowndes building, Third street. july8tf

FOR SALE—We sell the best pool tables at attractive prices. Write for catalogue. Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md. 10jy1m*

LOST—Bunch of keys between Adamston and Clarksburg Saturday morning. One dollar reward for return to Booker T. Bowman, Perry mines, Adamston, W. Va. 18jy3tf*

FOR SALE—First-class typewriter, in excellent condition. A bargain. Call on or write F. O. Sutton, room 60, Jacobs building, Clarksburg, W. Va. 17july10tf*

FOR RENT—Furnished front room for gentleman. Reference exchanged. Enquire at No. 115 Oak street. 17july6tf

WANTED—A good second hand bicycle. Inquire of J. W. Parker, the tailor, Third street. july18tf

FOR SALE—New six room house at a bargain located in East Clarksburg. See the owner, T. D. Primm, East Clarksburg, W. Va. 11jy1m*

WANTED—At once, salesman and collector at Singer Sewing Machine Store, 220 West Main street. 19july3tf*

We have just opened our new fountain and can serve you with all flavors of cream and sodas. Sturm & Wilson's drug store. mar25tf

Sure Cure For Piles.

Itching piles produce moisture and cause itching, this form, as well as blind or protruding piles are cured by Dr. Bo-sank's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a jar, at druggists or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. Dr. Bo-sank, Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by Stone & Mercer.

Fertilizers at your own price at D. K. Reed & Co.'s. apr5tf

Look for Merriman's advertisements of closing out summer shoes, oxfords and slippers. Hundreds of misses and children's oxfords and slippers will be sold regardless of cost by W. T. Merriman, Third street opp. post office. july13dtf

Patent Medicines.

A man that compounds or improves something is entitled to the largest share of the profits from the sale of the article, so he patents or copyrights. Patented goods are good goods, poor goods are never patented. We have 25 yrs. of trial to prove we have the best medicine compounded for the cure of dyspepsia, sick-headache, biliousness, indigestion and all stomach disorders. We protect the public by keeping the formula a secret, as long as we make it we know it is made right. This medicine is Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills, 25c per box at druggists. One for a dose. Made by Dr. Bosanko Co., Philadelphia, Pa. For sale by Stone & Mercer.

FOR SALE.

I offer the following properties at a bargain on terms to suit purchaser 1 house and two lots, Werninger street, Glen Elk.

2 houses at Steelton, at end of street car line.

1 house and large stable at Union Heights.

1 lot near Francis mineral well, Union Heights.

1 house and lot, Monticello ave. W. B. VIRGIE.

17july10aug

Business Men's Lunch—home made pies and the only coffee on specialty—Rush & Wilson, Imperial lunch room. june6tf

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If a patient has varying symptoms but ever increasing weakness from the loss of flesh and strength, all doctors agree that gain of flesh is a change for the better. Weak, thin people know they feel better as soon as they gain flesh. Dr. Gunn's Blood and Nerve Tonic turns the food into good, red blood, making solid flesh at the rate of 1 to 3 lbs. per week. Sold by druggists for 75c per box. For loss of memory, no ambition and nervous weakness, a better remedy was never made. Write Dr. Bosanko Co., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Stone & Mercer.

The James & Caw Co.'s fountain strictly sanitary. june20tf

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Don't Forget The Place

One Door west of Emire Bank. Bell Phone.

Dudley's.

apr24dtf.

Shipmates

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

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She was alone. That much he knew. From the time the steamer left Bremen until it struck out into the open Atlantic he hardly noticed her, but once at sea she spent every day on deck and always alone.

It was Colford's own loneliness which forced him, half unconsciously, into a silent comradeship of sympathy with her. Ten years abroad in the Austrian consular service had made him feel like a foreigner now that he was among his own countrymen again. Nearly every one else on board had friends or made them readily, but for some reason—their own disinclination, he thought—the two remained apart.

She was in mourning. The soft clinging black made her look even younger and more girlish than she was, and yet it gave her a certain forlorn dignity.

Once he passed her on a windy gray morning up forward. It was early, and there was no one else on deck. As he came abreast of her the wind in a vagrant frolic blew her long chiffon veil across his eyes. It was a clingy, exasperating veil. By the time Colford was disentangled he was angry and embarrassed until he met her laughing eyes.

After that he raised his cap when they met, and she acknowledged the silent greeting with a smile. One night a wild spring tempest broke in sudden fury over the gray sea. It was after midnight. Colford stumbled into the cabin drenched with spray and met her face to face. Her face was white, and she held a sobbing child in her arms, soothing him gently, while the mother had hysterics in a corner.

"There is no danger," Colford said. "I am not afraid. There is never danger when one does not fear."

By the time Sandy Hook was reached, the sixth day, Colford knew he was overboard. It was her shy dignity that attracted him, her air of absolute self reliance and reserve, when he knew he was forlorn and desolate. She told him her story the day after the storm. It was a simple bit of tragedy, a trag-



THE GIRL IN BLACK STOOD LOOKING BACK TOWARD THE OPEN SEA.

edy of circumstances. She was an Austrian and an orphan. Her father had been a Viennese surgeon.

"And after he died, a year ago," she had told Colford, leaning over the bulwark, her gray eyes dreamily watching the long, swelling waves sweep back from the steamer's sides, "we lived at Brazza, on the coast—mother and I. It was her old home, and there was nothing else to do."

"And then—" said Colford as she paused. "Then, a month ago, she left me also. She told me to come to America. I have an uncle, my father's brother, who will meet me in New York. He is the only relative I have in the world."

"Are you sure he will meet you?" "I called him I was coming. He is a physician also," she said gravely. "He loved my father dearly. I know he will meet me."

"And if he does not?" "She glanced up with troubled eyes. "But he will. There is no one else in all the world who would help me."

"One other."

Colford spoke quietly, but a trifle unsteadily, as he looked down into her serious, childlike eyes.

"You must not say there is no one else. I, too, am alone in the world. Does not our mutual loneliness give us a claim on each other? Surely you will let me help you?"

A faint color rose slowly to her cheeks. She looked back at the sea.

"I think I should, perhaps."

When the steamer swung from the Hudson into its slip on West street, Colford sought her for the last time. The rest of the passengers crowded the bow of the boat, half crazy with joy, as they recognized friends and relatives on the pier, but the girl in black stood apart, looking back at the sunlit water, back toward the open sea and Austria.

"Are you sorry it is over?" "Europe?" She spoke wistfully. "No; the voyage." He went on as she did not answer. "Has it been nothing at all to you? Do you care, Helene?"

The purser came hurriedly from the cabin, a telegram in his hand. "Helene Varga?"

She opened it slowly. The message was brief. Colford caught the paper

as it fluttered from her hand. It was from a city hospital, and merely stated that Josef Varga, physician, had died six months previously.

"There is no one else," she said helplessly.

Colford led her to the cabin.

"There is one other—your forget," he told her. "Let me be the one, Helene."

She waited where he left her, tearless, helpless, yet with the quiet dignity that seemed to unfold her like a magic cloak of separation from the world. It was half an hour before Colford returned. There was a new look on his face as he bent over her, a look of protection and determination.

"Dear heart, this glorious land of the free refuses to let a little foreign maid on all forlorn on its shores. You are a waif, sweetheart, a friendless, penniless waif, according to the official downstairs, and as such they propose in a friendly, courteous way to ship you over to Ellis Island as an unwilling immigrant and deport you to Austria on the first steamer sailing."

She smiled for the first time, a faint ghost of a smile, though her eyes were filled with tears.

"It is terrible, I know," she said. "He took her hands in his. 'The land of the free is willing to allow a girl immigrant to enter provided some one marries her. Helene, it's Ellis Island or me. Can you choose, sweetheart?'"

The steward came up the stairs, saw the two figures and vanished. Out on the river a tug whistled shrilly.

"When one is alone"—she began. Colford raised the hand he held to his lips.

"When two are alone," he corrected. "They cannot possibly be alone. They have each other. The voyage has only begun, little shipmate."

He Saved His Life.

A group of congressmen who happened to be at the capital during a recess of the national legislature helped to while away the time by exchanging stories, and one of the statesmen from Pennsylvania told this one regarding a constituent. This man, who lived in one of the small towns in the Keystone State, was appointed naval officer at the chief port in the state. He immediately packed up his belongings and established himself in the metropolis of the commonwealth.

At the end of four years the administration changed, and he relinquished his office. When he returned to the village of his birth his first visit was to his aged mother. She greeted him affectionately and said: "My boy, you have had four years in a lucrative federal office. Tell me, now that it is over, what have you saved?"

He was nonplussed for the moment. Not a penny of his salary remained. In an outburst of frankness he turned to her and, leaning over her, said with hearty fervor:

"Mother, I saved my life."—Harper's Weekly.

Some Nautical Terms.

The word "yacht," like many other nautical words in the English language, is of Dutch origin. This is natural, since the English learned the art of seamanship from those old masters of the sea, the Dutch. Other Dutch words are "skipper," "smack," "sloop," "reef," "boom," "taffrail." From the Netherlands come also the words "carguing" and "boy," as in "ship ahoy." When one reads how Lord Nelson was taken down to the "orlop" deck to die at the battle of Trafalgar, one has yet another term taken from the Dutch.

"Schooner" is a word of American manufacture. At Gloucester, Mass., about 1713, Captain Andrew Robinson built the first vessel called by that name. As it slid off the stocks into the water a bystander shouted, "Oh, how she scoons!" (skims). Robinson instantly said, "A schooner let her be." The name has been universally adopted, but, singularly enough, is spelled in the Dutch manner, though it is provincial English.

Why Women Are Pretty.

According to an English specialist who has made a careful study of the subject, the reason why women are better looking than men is because they are more indolent and are not called upon to use their brains as much as men are. Hard intellectual work and assiduous attention to business, he says, are harmful so far as physical beauty is concerned. As proof that his theory is correct he points to the Zulus, whose home is in British India. Among them women hold the place which in other countries is occupied by men. The Zulu woman manages the affairs of state, goes into business on her own account and does not wait for a proposal of marriage, but proposes herself, whereas the Zulu man has nothing to do but cook the meals and look after his children. The natural result, says the scientist, is that the men of this singular tribe are very pretty and the women are unusually plain.

Black Bottles For Wine.

Black bottles for wine were introduced about a hundred and fifty years ago. Lord Delaval, an English peer, brought over a number of Hanoverian bladders and started works at Sutton Sluice, in Northumberland. His main idea was to utilize a seam of inferior coal on his estate. At first the black color was due to the material used in making the glass, but afterward the public became so habituated to the association of wine and black bottles that, even when the constituents needed were changed and improved, coloring matter was introduced to keep up the familiar appearance.

Not Perfect Without Mrs. Kingsley.

Even a brief holiday at the seaside was to Charles Kingsley too long an absence from his wife. "This place," "is perfect," he wrote on one occasion, "but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. Blessed be God for the rest, though I never before felt the loneliness of being without the loved being whose every look and word and motion is the keynote of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar. Fools!"

When Cloverdale Groaned

[Copyright, 1908, by R. B. McClure.]

One of the residents of Cloverdale was Aunt Sarah Dutton. She had lived in single blessedness to the age of forty-five and was fairly well off and had opinions of her own.

Six o'clock supper had been eaten in Cloverdale, and the hens were thinking of going to roost, and the village cows were coming home to be milked, when a shiver suddenly ran through the burg. A tow headed boy of ten years was responsible for the shiver. Aunt Sarah, as she was known to all, had been away visiting her sister for a fortnight. She had now returned, but she had not only returned, but she had come across the country from Greggsville on a bike, and at that very moment the said bike was leaning up against the front of her house in a way to defy public opinion.

For some minutes the town was so taken by surprise that no one knew just what to do. It was Uncle Reuben Phelps who soonest recovered from the shock and called an indignation meeting on the steps of the postoffice. For some time he was in doubt as to whether to ring a fire alarm or call out the town, but finally compromised by making a speech in which he convinced every hearer that the bulwarks of morality were in danger and that every citizen with sentiment in his soul must arise to do battle.

A committee of five had just been appointed to proceed to the house of Aunt Sarah and investigate, taking the tow headed boy along as a hostage, when the woman they were looking for appeared. She was on her bike. She was wearing a bicycle outfit, and she whizzed so close to Uncle Reuben that the wind caught his coat tails and made them stream out like flags.

"Gentlemen," he remarked as he tried hard to crowd back his emotions, "the crisis has arrived, and the crisis has got to be met. Let us meet it at any cost of blood and treasure."

Thereupon the committee let go of the tow headed boy's hair and returned to the postoffice. Aunt Sarah was there before them and cavoring up and down and around on her bike. Fifty men and boys looked on, but she was not abashed. The silence of the crowd was ominous of displeasure, but she smiled and giggled as she rode. It was Deacon Tottinham who reached the limit first and stepped out into the street and burst forth with:

"Woman, I never expected to see this day! If you have gone crazy I pity you, but if you are here in your sober senses—if this shameless exhibition"—But at that moment the front wheel of the bike struck his knees and slewed him into the ditch and caused him to forget the remainder of his peroration.

Then Josiah Green, on whose land the annual camp meetings had been held for the last twenty-five years and who had always held that a woman who climbed over a rail fence instead of through it was a menace to foundation principles, called for the cyclist to stop her gambols and uttered a groan and began:

"When my wife died two years ago I thought I could never be reconciled to her loss, but when I now behold one of her sex wobbling around on a wobble—" "I don't wobble," interrupted Aunt Sarah as she headed for him and drove him out of the street.

"When I see one of her own sex wobbling around on a wobble"—continued Josiah from the sidewalk. But he had only got that far when Aunt Sarah dismounted and faced the crowd and said:

"This is a woman's wheel. I have learned to ride. I shall ride every day. I shall ride up and down every street, and such of you as don't like it can jump it."

Groans of anguish followed her as she mounted and rode away, and then Uncle Reuben was called upon for another speech. He made one. He prefaced it by saying that he was fifty-six years old and had passed through several epochs, but never before had he been called upon to face such an epoch as this. As he stood there he could feel the bulwarks of morality and respectability tottering to their fall.

It had been predicted that the time would come when women would climb trees and turn somersaults off the top of haystacks, but he had refused to believe it. Now, however, he must believe. He must believe that unless something were done they would go further.

Uncle Reuben wanted to close his remarks with a few words on Washington crossing the Delaware, but the crowd had decided to appeal to Aunt Sarah's pastor to bring her to book and began to move off. A dozen of them were ready to make charges and demand that she be tried by the church, but the smiling pastor waved them aside and quietly said:

"In the first place, brethren, it may not be unknown to you, though temporarily forgotten, that Aunt Sarah holds a mortgage on our church for \$750, and can begin foreclosure any day, and in the next place, as my wife and her sister have just gone over to Aunt Sarah's house to take riding lessons on her bike, I can't consistently receive and act upon such charges. I really think we shall have to accept the innovation and get used to it."

A month later almost every girl and woman in Cloverdale was "wobbling on a wobble." Uncle Reuben's girl among the number, and all he could say about it, as he stood on his office steps and gestured, was:

"I never expected to live long enough to see wimmen wobbling on wheels, but since they will wobble—well, let em wobble." M. QUAD.

Under the Chandlerier.

Next time you go to a party watch some of the women as they stand under the Chandleriers. Notice how a light shining from above brings out unsuspected lines and angles in all but the youngest and freshest faces. It is a severe test of beauty.

W. T. Merriman is closing out at cost every kind of summer footwear oxford ties, and slippers for man, woman and children, preparatory for a great stock of fall and winter foot wear for everybody. july13dtf

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THE Newest Ones

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